Numb. 3[illegible]

The TATLER.

By Mrs. Jenny Diſtaff, *Half Siſter to Mr.* Bickerſtaff.

Quicquid agunt Homines noſtri Farrago Libelli.

From *Saturday July* 2. to *Tueſday July* 5. 1709.

White's Chocolate-houſe, July 2.

IT may be thought very unaccountable, that I, who can never be ſuppoſed to go to *White's*, ſhall pretend to talk to you of Matters proper for, or in the Stile of, that Place. But tho' I do not go to theſe publick Haunts, I receive Viſits from thoſe who do; and for all they pretend ſo much to the contrary, they are as talkative as our Sex, and as much at a Loſs to entertain the preſent Company, without ſacrificing the laſt, as we our ſelves. This Reflection has led me into the Conſideration of the Uſe of Speech; and made me look over in my Memory all my Acquaintance of both Sexes, to know to which I may more juſtly impute the Sin of ſuperfluous Diſcourſe, with Regard to Converſation, and not entring into it as it reſpects Religion. I foreſee my Acquaintance will immediately, upon ſtarting this Subject, aſk me, How I ſhall celebrate Mrs. *Alſe Copſwood*, the *Yorkſhire* Huntreſs, who is come to Town lately, and moves as if ſhe were on her Nag, and going to take a Five-Bar Gate; and is as loud as if ſhe were following her Dogs? I can eaſily anſwer that; for ſhe is as ſoft as *Damon*, in Compariſon of her Brother-in-Law *Tom. Bellfrey*, who is the moſt accompliſh'd Man in this Kingdom for all Gentleman-like Activities and Accompliſhments. It is allow'd, that he is a profeſs'd Enemy to the *Italian* Performers in Muſick. But then for our own native Manner, according to the Cuſtoms and known Uſages of our Iſland, he is to be prefer'd, for the Generality of the Pleaſure he beſtows, much above thoſe Fellows, tho' they ſing to full Theatres. For what is a Theatrical Voice to that of a Fox-hunter? I have been at a Muſical Entertainment in open Feild, where it amaz'd me to hear to what Pitches the chief Maſters would reach. There was a Meeting near our Seat in *Staffordſhire*, and the moſt eminent of all the Counties of *England* were at it. How wonderful was the Harmony between Men and Dogs! *Robin Cartail* of *Bucks* was to anſwer to *Jowler*; Mr. *Tinbreaſt* of *Cornwal* was appointed to open with *Sweetlips*, and Beaux *Slimber*, a *Londoner*, undertook to keep up with *Trips*, a Whelp juſt ſet in: *Tom. Bellfrey* and *Ringwood* were coupled together, to fill the Cry on all Occaſions, and be in at the Death of the Fox, Hare, or Stag; for which both the Dog and the Man were excellently ſuited, and loved one another, and were as much together as *Baniſter* and *King*. When *Jowler* firſt alarm'd the Field, *Cartail* repeated every Note; *Sweetlip*'s Treble ſucceeded, and ſhook the Wood; *Tinbreaſt* eccho'd a Quarter of a Mile beyond it. We were ſoon after all at a Loſs, 'till we rid up, and found *Trips* and *Slimber* at a Default in Half-Notes: But the Day and the Tune was recover'd by *Tom. Bellfrey* and *Ringwood*, to the great Joy of us all, tho' they drown'd every other Voice: For *Bellfrey* carries a Note Four Furlongs, Three Rood, and Six Paces, further than any other in *England*. But I fear the Mention of this will be thought a Digreſſion from my Purpoſe about Speech: But I anſwer, No. Since this is uſed where Speech rather ſhould be employ'd, it may come into Conſideration in the ſame Chapter: For Mr. *Bellfrey* being at a Viſit where I was, *viz.* his Couſin's Lady *Dainty*'s in *Soho-Square*, was ask'd, What Entertainments they had in the Country? Now *Bellfrey* is very ignorant, and much a Clown; but confident withal. In a Word, he ſtruck up a Fox-Chaſe: Lady *Dainty*'s Dog, Mr. *Sippet*, as ſhe calls him, ſtarted and jump'd out of his Lady's Lap, and fell a barking. *Bellfrey* went on, and call'd all the neighbouring Pariſhes into the Square. Never was Woman in ſuch Confuſion as that delicate Lady. But there was no ſtopping her Kinſman. A Room full of Ladies fell into the moſt violent Laughter: My Lady look'd as if ſhe was ſhrieking; Mr. *Sippet*, in the Middle of the Room, breaking his Heart with barking; but all of us unheard. As ſoon as *Bellfrey* became ſilent, up gets my Lady, and takes him by the Arm to lead him off: *Bellfrey* was in his Boots. As ſhe was hurrying him away, his Spurs takes hold of her Petticoat; his Whip throws down a Cabinet of *China*: He cries, What! Are your Crocks rotten? Are your Petticoats ragged? A Man can't walk in your Houſe for Trincums. Every County of *Great-Britain* has One Hundred or more of this Sort of Fellows, who roar inſtead of ſpeaking. Therefore if it be true, that we Women are alſo giv'n to greater Fluency of Words than is neceſſary, ſure one that diſturbs but a Room or a Family is more to be tolerated, than one who draws together Pariſhes and Counties, and ſometimes (with an Eſtate that might make him the Bleſſing and Ornament of the World around him) has no other View and Ambition, but to be an Animal above Dogs and Horſes, without the Reliſh of any one Enjoyment which is peculiar to the Faculties of human Nature. But I know it will here be ſaid, that talking of meer Country Squires at this Rate, is, as it were, to write againſt *Valentine* or *Orſon*. To prove any Thing againſt the Race of Men, you muſt take 'em as they are adorn'd with Education, as they live in Courts, or have receiv'd Inſtructions in Colleges.

But I was ſo full of my late Entertainment by Mr. *Bellfrey*, that I muſt defer purſuing this Subject to another Day; and wave the proper Obſervations upon the different Offenders in this Kind, ſome by profound Eloquence on ſmall Occaſions, others by degrading Speech upon great Circumſtances. Expect therefore to hear of the Whiſperer without Buſineſs, the Laugher without Wit, the Complainer without receiving Injuries, and a very large Crowd, which I ſhall not foreſtal, who are common, tho' not commonly obſerv'd, Impertinents, whoſe Tongues are too voluble for their Brains, and are the general Deſpiſers of us Women, though we have their Superiors, the Men of Senſe, for our Servants.

Will's Coffee-house, July 3.

A very ingenious Gentleman was complaining this Evening, that the Players are grown so severe Criticks, that they would not take in his Play, tho' it has as many fine Things in it as any Play that has been writ since the Days of Mr. *Dryden*. He began his Discourse about his Play with a Preface.

" There is, said he, somewhat (however we palliate it) in the very Frame and Make of us, that subjects our Minds to Chagrin and Irresolution on any Emergency of Time or Place: The Difficulty grows on our sickned Imagination, under all the killing Circumstances of Danger and Disappointment. This we see not only in the Men of Retirement and Fancy, but in the Characters of the Men of Action; with this only Difference, the Coward sees the Danger, and sickens under it; the Hero, warm'd by the Difficulty, dilates and rises in Proportion to that, and in some Sort makes Use of his very Fears to disarm it. A remarkable Instance of this we have in the Great *Cæsar*, when he came to the *Rubicon*, and was entring upon a Part perhaps, the most hazardous he ever bore, (certainly the most ungrateful) a War with his Countrymen. When his Mind brooded o'er Personal Affronts, perhaps his Anger burn'd with a Desire of Revenge. But when more serious Reflections laid before him the Hazard of the Enterprize, with the dismal Consequences which were likely to attend it, aggravated by a special Circumstance, What Figure 'twould bear in the World, or how be excus'd to Posterity!— What shall he do?— His Honour, which was his Religion, bids him arm; and he sounds the Inclinations of his Party by this set Speech.

Cæsar to his Party at the *Rubicon*.

Great Jove *attend, and thou my native Soil,*
Safe in my Triumphs, glutted in my Spoil;
Witness with what Reluctance I oppose
My Arms to thine, secure of other Foes.
What passive Breast can bear Disgrace like mine!
Traytor!— For this I conquer'd on the Rhine,
Endur'd their Ten Years Drudgery in Gaul,
Adjourn'd their Fate, and sav'd the Capitol.
I grew by every guilty Triumph less;
The Crowd, when drunk with Joy, their Souls express,
Impatient of the War, yet fear Success.
Brave Actions dazzle with too bright a Ray,
Like Birds obscene, they chatter at the Day;
Giddy with Rule, and valiant in Debate,
They throw the Die of War, to save the State.
And, Gods! to gild Ingratitude with Fame,
Assume the Patriots, we the Rebels Name.
Farewel, my Friends, your General forlorn
To your bare Pity, and the publick Scorn,
Must lay that Honour and his Laurel down,
To serve the vain Caprices of the Gown;
Expos'd to all Indignities, the brave
Deserve of those they glory'd but to save
To Rods and Axes!— No the Slaves can't dare
Play with my Grief, and tempt my last Despair.
This shall the Honours which it won maintain,
Or do me Justice e'er I hug my Chain.

St. James's Coffee-house, July 4.

There has arriv'd no Mail since our last; so that we have no Manner of Foreign News, except we were to give you for such the many Speculations which are on Foot concerning what was imported by the last Advices. There are, it seems, Sixty Battalions and Seventeen Squadrons appointed to serve in the Siege of *Tournay*; the Garison of which Place consists but of Eleven Battalions and Four Squadrons. Letters of the 29th of the last Month from *Berlin* have brought Advice, That the Kings of *Denmark*, *Prussia*, and his Majesty *Augustus*, were within few Days to come to an Interview at *Potsdam*. These Letters mention, That Two *Polish* Princes of the Family of *Sapieha* and *Lubermirsky*, lately arriv'd from *Paris*, confirm the Reports of the Misery in *France* for Want of Provisions, and give a particular Instance of it, which is, That on the Day Monsieur *Rouille* return'd to Court, the Common People gather'd in Crowds about the *Dauphin's* Coach, crying, *Peace and Bread, Bread and Peace.*

Mrs. Distaff *has taken upon her, while she writes this Paper, to turn her Thoughts wholly to the Service of her own Sex, and to propose Remedies against the greatest Vexations attending Female Life. She has for this End written a small Treatise concerning the* Second Word, *with an Appendix on the Use of a* Reply, *very useful to all such as are married to Persons either ill bred or ill natur'd. There is in this Tract a Digression for the Use of Virgins concerning the Words,* I will.

A Gentlewoman who has a very delicate Ear, wants a Maid who can whisper, and help her in the Government of her Family. If the said Servant can Clear-Starch, lisp, and tread softly, she shall have suitable Encouragement in her Wages.

The Reader is desir'd to correct in our last the following Errata, *Col.* 3. *L.* 73. *for* Elegant, *read* Eloquent. *Col.* 4. *L.* 9. *instead of* that, *insert* who dying. *Col.* 4. *L.* 10. *after* one, *add* in Health.

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